

FEB 8 '56

THE **New
Republic**

**A Sane View of
Non-Conformity
by John Roche**

PAGE 13

Christian Herter: GOP Heir Unapparent

BY JOHN P. MALLAN

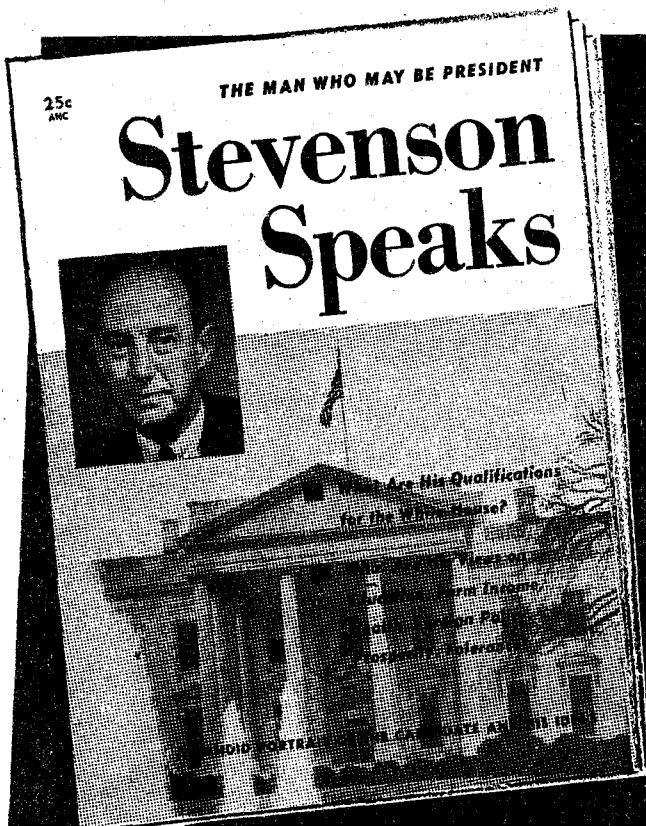
"The Nation" and Adlai Stevenson
An Editorial

The Day I Lost My Hearing Aid
A Communication From Dore Schary

The New Government of France
A Report from Paris

FEBRUARY 6, 1956

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passage, it can become the *cause* of imagination in others. The Civil War veteran and his maiden nieces—what dismal chaos marks their lives? The two salesmen for clothing stores—do they live *en pair*? There are thousands of such details and they explain at least partially why the young man Fiedler "once met in a bar" had read *Butterfield 8* "eleven times!" O'Hara would never be so contemptuous of anyone who had read *An End to Innocence* eleven times. In the face of such compulsion, O'Hara's imagination and humanity would have been touched, and he would have come up with some misunderstanding not, to be sure, of *An End to Innocence*, but of the young man. Fiedler is worried because O'Hara does not make use of the "whole stream of consciousness," symbolist adventure." There is more than one way of writing a novel, and O'Hara's way is to induce the stream of consciousness in the reader.

But a novel is a novel, and it is not expected that the attention will be so riveted. You do not ordinarily isolate each dot of paint in a pointillist picture, for the central doctrine of such divisionism is that the component colors—each pure and exact—are recomposed in the eye of the observer to produce a final effect of vibration and light. It is in this way that O'Hara's heroes emerge from the detail which surrounds them. Fiedler's imperatives, his *imaginative* truths, do not take into account that Joe Chapin, like Gatsby, had immortal longings in him. He was committed, long before his close, to an improbable act central to his existence as a man and a character. He breaks through the stereotype of his life and achieves a tragic reality which is only sentimental if you hold that man must behave according to pattern.

JOHN STEWART CARTER
Huntington Library

San Marino, California

SIRS:

John O'Hara needs no defense, but it would be a pity if Leslie Fiedler's denigrating review of *Ten North Fredrick* dissuaded your readers from enjoying the best American novel of recent years. Far from being "machinelike" and "statistical," it is an ironic and tragic picture of the status conscious upper middle class in a typical small American city. Mr. O'Hara may not have rendered

all the undertones of American life, but he has caught its significant overtones in a manner to delight the ear and the eye.

HENRY MILLER

The City College, N.Y.C.

► Philatelic Fancywork

SIRS:

A new low in Republican mouse-mindedness has just been effected by the astute members of the team operating the Post Office department under the guidance of the distinguished automobile dealer from Michigan. In the selection of subjects to appear on commemorative stamp issues a Republican secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon, was placed upon three-cent stamps, while a Democratic President, Woodrow Wilson, is to appear upon seven-cent stamps.

Mr. Mellon's chief claim to fame is based upon his practice of giving generous tax refunds to large contributors to Presidential campaign funds, while millions of people regard Woodrow Wilson as one of the great men who have occupied the White House. The three-cent stamps will be used by the billions, while the seven-cent stamps will have practically no circulation outside of the albums of a few thousand stamp collectors.

LEE L. STOPPLE

Santa Rosa, Calif.

► Aaron Burr's Public Life

SIRS:

We refer to an allusion to *American Epoch* by Arthur Link which appeared

CORRECTION

Mr. Benjamin Muse, author of the article *Virginia: How Long Can Defiance Last?* published in the January 23 issue asks us to record that editing in this office may have left some misleading impressions. The freezing weather on January 9 was restricted largely to Fairfax and Arlington counties; the Assembly ordered the referendum but has not yet adopted the Gray Commission recommendations; former Governor Colgate Darden supported the tuition grant proposal in the hope that it would cushion the shock of ultimate compliance; defiance relates not to the Gray Commission but to the more recent interposition movement, and opposition to the tuition grant plan is likely to arise less from its expense than its discrimination in favor of wealthy families.

THE EDITORS

on page 2 of your issue of January 9, 1956 under the initials of T. R. B., who quotes Professor Link's comparison of Senator McCarthy and Colonel Aaron Burr.

We resent the inference that Colonel Burr was "unprincipled" in his public life. He served as U. S. Senator from New York and as Vice President of the United States. In both of these positions Colonel Burr rendered valuable services to our country. Both his friends and his enemies commended him for the manner in which he filled these important positions.

SAMUEL ENGLE BURR, JR.
President General

The Aaron Burr Association
Washington, D. C.

► Electric Shock Therapy

SIRS:

What is this electronic treatment which Dr. Davidson (NR, Jan. 16) says cures 90 percent of all depressions? Doctors around here say they never heard of it.

ROBERT W. ROGERS

Plainfield, N. J.

Electric shock therapy (or electric convulsive therapy) is an electronic modality. It relieves the depressions—actually lifts the depression—in a high proportion of cases, variously estimated as from 85 to 95 percent by different authors. The patient then becomes accessible to psychotherapy. I do not believe any psychiatrist would question this—except perhaps some psychoanalysts. Most psychiatrists, however, are not psychoanalysts.

HENRY A. DAVIDSON, M.D.

ETC: A REVIEW OF GENERAL SEMANTICS, SPECIAL ISSUE ON TRANSACTIONAL PSYCHOLOGY, edited by S. I. Hayakawa, \$4.00 a year, trial issue \$1.00, write Dept. 22, 400 W. North Avenue, Chicago 10, Illinois.

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Omnibus and the Eggheads

SIRS:

In the January 2 *New Republic*, a TV critic, David Ebbitt, compares me to a vulture, states that I am "especially abhorrent" to him and also more irritating than a bus-driver, and confesses "a violent urge" to tell me to go soak my head. Since I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Ebbitt—or, indeed, of ever having heard of him—I don't take these strictures personally. And, in fact, the author makes it clear that his animosity is aroused entirely because I am, or at least he conceives me to be, a highbrow.

Now this, I think, is a very sad thing to read in a magazine which itself used to be, in the thirties when I read it, proudly and defiantly highbrow. (Let me confess it—Mr. Ebbitt's instinct is right: I am a highbrow.) It is a depressing sign of the deterioration of liberal journalism that one of your regular contributors could make this charge the basis of a page-long attack on my adverse judgment of *Omnibus* (which was made, by the way, in *The New Yorker*, a magazine which didn't use to be considered really highbrow, but which, by default and by simply maintaining a decent level of writing and thought, of late years has come to have some claim, if only a relative one, to the adjective; it is interesting, by the way, that my colleague here, Philip Hamburger, also expressed a very low opinion of *Omnibus* when he was writing *The New Yorker's* TV column). It is also depressing to consider that "highbrow" as a term of abuse is first-cousin to "egghead," both being expressions of that philistinism and anti-intellectualism that corrodes our mass democracy. When McCarthy denounces the eggheads, the editors of *The New Republic* have no difficulty in knowing where they stand. Why is the tactic any more respectable on the cultural plane? McCarthy dislikes the eggheads because they insist on maintaining certain standards of political behavior, not-

ably in the area of civil liberties; he thinks this is perverse, snobbish, phony, and un-American. Except for the last adjective—and it may come, it may come—this is also the gravamen (look it up, Mr. Ebbitt) of your reviewer's charge against me as a highbrow. Insistence on high cultural standards appears to him perverse and affected—as though our popular culture is suffering from too rigorous criticism! A sad thing.

There's no point in defending here the validity of my evaluation of *Omnibus*; I've expressed myself fully on pages 99 through 103 of the December 3 issue of *The New Yorker*, of which Mr. Ebbitt has given a reasonably fair summary. But I do want to reply, briefly, to his insinuation that I don't know much about (a) popular culture in general, (b) TV in particular, and (c) *Omnibus* in very particular. (a) I have been writing about the movies and other forms of popular culture, off and on, since 1930; the Summer, 1953, issue of *Diogenes* (a deplorably highbrow magazine published in, let's face it, Paris, and until lately subsidized by the same Ford Foundation that finances *Omnibus*) contains a lead article by me titled "A Theory of Mass Culture"; I am shortly departing for the Salzburg Seminar to give a course in mass culture and am currently working on a book on the subject. (b) In the last year and a half, I have seen a good deal of television, owing to children and the acquisition of a TV set. (c) I have seen about 40 *Omnibus* features—20 on my own and another 20 because Robert Saudek, the show's producer, who has all the personal vanity of the artist though unhappily few of the other qualities, was so shocked at my low estimate of his creation when I showed him the article in advance proof, that he could explain my aberration only on the grounds of ignorance. He challenged me to see more, I took him up, and his staff ran off for me, through two sessions of five hours each, kinescopes of features which he considered especially good. I came, I saw, I was not conquered. Three or four of the shows seemed to me definitely good, perhaps ten so-so, and the rest mediocre or worse.

In short, while it is true, as Mr. Ebbitt gloomily suspects, that I have a low opinion of our mass culture in general, this stems not from ignorance or affection but from a certain amount of knowledge and, you'll excuse the expression, thinking about the subject over a considerable length of time.

DWIGHT MACDONA

New York City

► Ten North Frederick

SIRS:

In his review of *Ten North Frederick* "An Old Pro at Work," (NR, Jan. 9) Leslie Fiedler uses a distinction between *imaginative* and *realistic* or what he calls *minimal* truth. Such a distinction is not new and in many ways it is helpful. It enables Fiedler, for example, to see the difference between Wouk's "familiar" of minimal truth and O'Hara's professional exactness. But the point which realistic truth becomes imaginative and poetic and the uses of truth elude him. We would not, think, be able to see the even greater distances which separate *Ten North Frederick* from *Sincerely*, *Willis Way*, which has some of the professional exactness of O'Hara without the final heartbreaking humanity.

Fiedler quotes:

The Johnson's neighbors in the 10 block were a railroad engineer, two railroad firemen, a young chiropractor, a Civil War veteran and his maiden nieces, a pharmacist, two salesmen for clothing stores, an insurance adjuster, the manager for an absentee-owned bakery, a state forestry official, a freight clerk for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and a newspaper man.

Then he goes on to say, "One could ask an I.B.M. machine to do much better—or worse!" The passage is descriptive of the neighborhood in which the young superintendent of schools lives, and is, of course, a comment—by reason of its compression, a poetic comment—on the social and civic importance of the functionary in the Gibbssville of the United States. This is something an I.B.M. machine does not know; that it can never know. It might be capable of tossing off an Homeric catalogue of shops or a Whitmanesque series, but what O'Hara does with such economy is beyond the capability of any machine.

And there is more than that, too. When the attention is riveted upon

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

THEATRE

WHAT an anti-climax! For years, in quite unprecedented fashion, the dramatic critic of *The New York Times* has been clamoring for an O'Casey production on Broadway. Here is an O'Casey production on Broadway, and the dramatic critic of the *Times* is just about the only person who thinks it is great.

Red Roses for Me, by Sean O'Casey.

the cause of O'Casey, if it is a cause, has been set back years, perhaps decades, by the performance that Gordon W. Pollock has produced and John O'Shaughnessy has directed. But is it a cause? Mrs. Elia Kazan has written:

"The truth is that if one can forget the agitation—and forget, as well, the picture of the thin little Irishman with the thick-lensed glasses—if one can simply read O'Casey's later plays, one finds them to be sad, muddled, and minor echoes of his great ones. The deep and serious issue with O'Casey is . . . How has the Communist doctrine, which is so alien to the nature of his talent, affected a playwright of great endowment and previous achievement? Is it an accident that the power and spontaneity of his writing deteriorated after his "political awakening"?"

the last volume of O'Casey's autobiography does indicate, in an episode which Ben Brooks Atkinson did not pass over, that communism has indeed blunted O'Casey's sensitivity to two things that any still cherish: truth and freedom. His reasoning was that the Devonshire Gardens are so lovely that stories of liquidations in Russia are simply inedible. Didn't someone remark that the autobiography would make a wonderful play?) Nonetheless, I am disinclined to see so direct a relation between talent and political rectitude. Hecht has written better than O'Casey in the past two decades, and is a much more knowing communist, not to speak of Ezra Pound and Knut Hamsun and others on what used to be considered the other side. Come to think of it, it is the Communists who first sold us the notion that our political opponents don't write well. I propose to let O'Casey live not only his communism but also the possibility of greatness as a communist writer.

Red Roses for Me is about the death

of a proletarian hero in the Dublin strike of 1913. It is proper that a communist author should choose that phase of Irish social conflict, rather than the national rising of 1916 which has been immortalized by Yeats. In addition, O'Casey takes the curse off the proletarianism by the same method as Odets in this country: by the poetry of a dialect, which is the poetry of a people. In fact, the simple story, not very well told, occupies but a small part of the evening. The time is taken up by what I can only call dramaturgic decoration, some of which is so good that it almost redeems the play and certainly justifies the occasion, some of it so bad that at best one is bored and at worst resorts to Mrs. Kazan's diagnosis. The good part is nearly all comedy, and this of the zaniest sort. Incomparable, except that one has the early O'Casey plays to compare it to, is a little scene in which a Catholic, a Protestant, and an atheist discuss their differences while sheltering from bullets under tables and behind chairs. Utterly charming is the tale of the Protestant who steals the Virgin's statue with the result that a miracle is proclaimed by his Catholic neighbors when he returns her, washed and shining, to her niche. O'Casey is neither anti-Protestant nor anti-Catholic, and is able to play one faction off against the other in a riot of loving fun. It is the capitalists he hates; and is unable to portray; instead, the ruling class is "symbolized" by a police inspector—a cartoon, as it were, by one of *The Daily Worker's* less gifted collaborators. In the symbolic and abstract character of this figure one describes the origin of O'Casey's "expressionism"; it represents an attempt, not to imitate Georg Kaiser and Ernst Toller, but to thrust onto the stage, somehow, people whom O'Casey was absolutely incapable of creating. Intellectually, this is no doubt an honest effort to grapple with what is "objectively" important; dramaturgically, it is nothing more nor less than cheating.

To be fair, the "expressionism" of *Red Roses* goes beyond the portrait of a single man. Accused in his early days of merely stringing scenes and skits and songs together, as in a revue, O'Casey tries in the later plays to build the music, dancing, and incidental fun, into the structure of the whole—to the point, indeed, where these elements impose

and are the structure, and it is the narrative which is incidental. I do not know whether such an attempt, in the drama, could ever succeed; plot, says Aristotle, is the soul of the drama. Even if Aristotle were wrong, one would have to complain that, though Irish speech, music, and pantomime are fine things, O'Casey is too abjectly dependent on them. He sings the Irish melody till his voice goes flat; some of the Hibernianism in the later plays is far-fetched and phony. Folk tunes are nice, but deciding to have actors sing them is temptingly easy. Pantomime is excellent but is composed by performers: all the writer has to do is provide the merest externals of it in stage directions.

If writing of this sort could scarcely be great drama, it could nonetheless be the book and basis of great theatre, the deciding factor in that case being the staging of it. Believing, no doubt, that *Red Roses* is great drama, which it isn't, Mr. O'Shaughnessy has not made of it the great theatre which it could be. Trying to tell the story, he only underscores the fact that his author is *not* trying to tell the story. Using an imaginative choreographer (Anna Sokolow) in one fine lyrical scene, he only underscores the fact that the whole entertainment should have been choreographic. Having a respect for O'Casey's dialogue, he decides that clever rhetoric is great poetry and slows down to a snail's pace sentences that could be effective only if thrown off with an air of insouciance. In every department equally, Mr. O'Shaughnessy knows How Not To Do It. Only E. G. Marshall, playing a kind of Protestant clown, shows the kind of loving-care in make-up and the wearing of his shabby clothes, and the kind of verve in his antics, that might have saved the day. Joyce Sullivan, as the heroine, romps home with the season's booby prize.

To O'Casey, communist and comedian, the morally indignant may be tempted to apply Kipling's formula: half devil and half child. In the plays, however, I find no devil at all. If some of their shortcomings seem childish, the talent too belongs chiefly to a child's realm. His funny men, however theological, are charming children. The fun in which nine tenths of his genius finds expression creates a dream world of sublime infantilism.

ERIC BENTLEY

The Water and the Wine

by Maurice Cranston

THIS book will surely rank henceforth as the standard history of Christian medieval philosophy. Every movement and every individual theory is expounded, briefly sometimes, but always freshly and carefully, and the documentation is exemplary. Dr. Gilson writes

History of Christian Philosophy in the Middle Ages, by Etienne Gilson (Random House; \$7.50).

pleasantly and makes none of the usual bogus efforts to relate a thinker's thoughts to his psychology or to the social history of his time. And yet I cannot describe it as an interesting book.

Scholasticism is a boring subject. It is not boring because the medieval world was so little like our own; the world of classical antiquity was less like our own, and Greek philosophy is never dull. Oriental philosophy is almost too interesting. The reason why scholastic philosophy is boring is, I believe, that it was never an autonomous discipline. It was subordinate to theology. None of the most interesting questions in philosophy—questions about God, Immortality, Duty and so forth—was ever a real question for the schoolmen, because they already had the answers—the answers theology imposed. As philosophers there were only two things they could do: they could either work out new ways of reaching conclusions already established by theology (e.g., the rational proofs of the existence of God); or they could busy themselves with minor and often trivial problems (How many angels, etc.?) in such little *spielraum* as theology allowed them.

Nearly every important development in the history of scholasticism was, as Dr. Gilson shows, produced by the influence on Christian clerks of Greek philosophical texts rediscovered at long intervals throughout the Middle Ages.

But the subservience of the schoolmen to theology compelled them to concentrate on the form and not on the content of these texts. Greek speculation in the realms of ethics and metaphysics was too plainly at variance with dogmatic certainties for the schoolmen to exercise their minds upon it. They were left with the refinement of logic. The decline of scholasticism into the cult of the syllogism and disputation for the sake of disputation was, in the circumstances, almost inevitable.

Nor is it the least surprising that the

great philosophers of the schools—Augustine, Denis, Anselm, Aquinas, Duns Scotus and Ockham—were all primarily as Dr. Gilson says, theologians. Indeed it is hard to see how they *could* have been great philosophers of their kind unless they had been great theologians. In such philosophy alone there is no scope for greatness. The words Dr. Gilson uses to sum up the achievement of Aquinas seem to me to provide the key sentence to this book and to scholarship generally. Aquinas, he says, "changed the water of philosophy to the wine of theology." Water, forsooth! The metaphor is perfect. Scholastic philosophy is usually clear; it purifies and sometimes it dilutes theology; but how quickly one has had enough of it!

Life on the Mississippi

by Webster Schott

ONE of our most perspicacious folklorists, B. A. Botkin, has collected in this new book almost everything about the land washed by the Mississippi and its tributaries any reasonable person could want. And he has organized it not

A Treasury of Mississippi Folklore, edited by B. A. Botkin (Crown; \$5).

chronologically, but in a much more telling way, in the directions the river—too thick to drink and too thin to plough—has bent the destinies of its people.

He includes some 500 articles ranging over 150 years of Mississippi valley writing, with everyone from Audubon to Louis Armstrong, from Davy Crockett to Mark Twain and Thad Snow recording the races of the sternwheelers, the piloting of runaway slaves across the water, the crawfishing in sloughs, the wild nights on floating palaces, the hungry isolation and despair of the hellish Mississippi floods.

The Mississippi gave blessings and took away necessities with fine impartiality. It enriched downstream cotton country and washed away upstream farms. It made queens of the steamboats and scuttled them at the next bend. It was frivolous, mean, beautiful. It killed gamblers and officiated at the birth of the Blues.

Indestructible as nature, it taught fragile mankind—including tough keelboaters, flatboatmen, pilots and captains—to defend itself with something more than thick arms. And so the bravado and imagination of many Mississippi stories. It seduced the riverman into believing there would always be work on the water. And so the derelicts in nearly every river town who had tried to shoot the moon once too often.

Perhaps the Mississippi, during the golden years before highways, airplane and diesels—never altered personality. But the literature, songs, and legends of Mid-America show how emphatically intensified and directed it. With the rivers early tamed and the old boats gone, we are moving further away from the Mississippi Empire. There is no better way to maintain contact with its spirit—diverse, energetic, and adaptable—than through such a book as this.

Notes on Contributors

EDWARD DE GRAZIA, a Washington attorney, has acted as counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union in several cases involving postal censorship. JANE MARCHALL is a young American poet. IRENE TINKER is on the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley. MAURICE CRANSTON is a British author. WEBSTER SCHOTT is a Missouri writer.



mental belief that man cannot and will not be saved by his government. The postal obscenity laws as applied by the department are designed to save us from the thoughts of others and from our own thoughts. To this end the

postal laws bring to bear on the individual the coercive powers of the state. Nothing could be more ill-conceived or futile. Nothing could be more repugnant to the ends of freedom of thought and freedom of expression.

This is the second section of a two-part essay. Mr. de Grazia has written a more detailed and legalistic study on the subject of the powers of the postal authorities which appears in the Fall issue of *Law and Contemporary Problems*. Additional copies of "Obscenity, Censorship and the Mails" are available at 20c for the complete essay. Orders should be addressed to:

The New Republic, 1826 Jefferson Place N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

All that is Not Romance in Casablanca

by Irene Tinker

IN Casablanca a year ago, as now, the French-controlled administration was handing out bulletins assuring the world the situation in Morocco was well under control. The French settlers knew better and were frightened.

On a Friday morning before the Muslim festival of the Id-el-Kabir my husband and I were walking through a shopping area, debating whether we

The Prince and I, by Marvine Howe (John Day; \$3.50).

ought to look up a Moroccan druggist whose name had been given to us in the newspaper. Even if we found him, in the maze of alley ways it might not be smart to find him to be seen talking to us. Chances were, as a confirmed nationalist, he was already under detention. Without warning, a line of 20 French legionnaires marched past us, two by two in the narrow street. Like the other Moroccan shoppers, we were pushed up a side street. Their commander halted before a closed shop and banged on the wood-partition. Like garages in the States, shops in the *medina* have full open fronts which are covered by folding or sliding doors at night. The commander banged again, then barked a command. Two men stepped smartly forward and began pounding the lock with their gun butts. When the lock gave way the commander flung open the shop; then finding it untended, he ordered his men on. At the next closed shop the lock was more persistent; the soldiers were in the door.

I asked a young trouser-clad Moroccan

what this was all about. "Surely," I said, "there is no crime in closing your shop to go to the mosque on a Friday morning."

"The Residency ordered us to keep business as usual," he said bitterly. "Any action with a difference they think is a demonstration for the nationalists, for the exiled Sultan Ben Youssef."

"I do not understand," I replied loudly. "I am only an American." We had heard too much about "unidentified bodies" being found in the *medina*; I wanted to be sure that the milling crowd knew we weren't French.

In the offices of an English weekly newsheet back in the European part of the town a lanky young American, the paper's sometime editor, remarked how he and his successor were the only editors in Casablanca who had not been shot at by one side or the other. Still he had been forced to resign as editor because of his pro-Moroccan sympathies. Either that, the powers-that-be told his publisher, or close down the paper. Fitz had just come back to the explosive city from a month long hike in the quiet Atlas mountains. These mountain people—the Berbers—resented the removal by the French of Sultan Ben Youssef as much as the Arabs did; to all he was the religious leader, a symbol of their faith. He became more: the symbol of Moroccan freedom.

"The Sultan was exiled because he stood up to the French," recounted the American. "And many say it was his son, Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, who influenced the Sultan to do this. In Rabat you must go see Marvine Howe;

she was a good friend of the prince."

The story of her friendship with the prince during the tense years of 1952 and 1953 is the central theme in Marvine Howe's recently published book, *The Prince and I*. On Fitz's suggestion I went to the shining new building of Radio Maroc to meet her. We talked until her program time. Then I listened as she interpreted the news in English for the non-French-speakers at the American air force bases, played them a half hour of the newest American jazz. Miss Howe also helped script a morning program to familiarize American military personnel with Morocco. Searching for such stories gave Miss Howe a chance to see a Morocco most Americans miss. The program was not as strictly supervised as the French-language programs and had been started as much to accommodate a widowed American wife of a French officer as to please the troops.

Miss Howe is a zestful blonde—almost the type Hollywood would cast in her role. It is not surprising that Prince Moulay Hassan quickly noted her presence in Rabat and chose to honor her with riding lessons.

Perhaps it was her charm, or the fact she was "only a woman," that saved Miss Howe from losing her radio job. Friendships with "natives" are not encouraged by the official French, even with the Sultan's son whose throne they were there to "protect." Miss Howe knew him during the months before Ben Youssef was exiled; her book was published just as the French changed their minds and restored the Sultan once more to the throne of Morocco.

Miss Howe's prince is once more heir apparent, and his attitudes may yet shape the future of his country. In many respects this book is a character sketch of the prince: under the façade of personal narrative, the arguments of the nationalists are displayed. But also there is an affection for French culture and ways, typical of the educated Moroccans as well, and a puzzled annoyance at the inability of the French to see the situation clearly. If the French leave gracefully, much that is French will remain in Morocco. If they keep on as they have been, the terrorists may take over leadership of the nationalist movement—in spite of the Sultan and Miss Howe's friend, Prince Moulay Hassan.

partment could later come to find Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, O'Hara's *Appointment in Samara*, Jones' *From Here to Eternity*, Willingham's *End As A Man*, de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* and Freud's *Basic Writings* similarly well-conceived to deprave the morals of Americans. By the process of censorship, the government salves the neurotic mind, depreciates the normal mind and lends its weight to the morally insidious and politically dangerous proposition that the average American is, and is expected by his government to be, psychologically incapable of controlling his own impulses or sorting out his own thoughts. Whenever a piece of literature, of whatever kind, is seized and condemned by the Post Office Department, Americans are advised by their government that their minds and souls are too weak to withstand, accept or reject such thoughts as are presented; that they require their government to save them from corruption or depravity.

THE dangers imposed by Post Office censorship are unique. No other federal, state or municipal agency holds commensurate powers over literature and art. The infringement of cultural freedom by postal censorship is far greater and more insidious than that entailed by the criminal aspect to the federal postal obscenity statute or by federal and state criminal laws designed to punish the publication or distribution of obscene literature. One obvious proof lies in the fact that the overwhelming bulk of all obscene literature suppressed by the Post Office *never becomes subject to criminal prosecution under the federal postal law*. Prosecutors would not prosecute and judges and juries would not convict. The desired communications are merely intercepted and suppressed, leaving the intended readers with the generally intolerable burden of instituting legal proceedings if they would free the literary or artistic works to which they would like to have access.

If a man mails to another man a pamphlet—but the Department thinks it obscene—the pamphlet will not reach the intended reader. If a newspaper publishes an item which men wish to read, and would circulate it through the mails, —but the Department thinks it obscene—the item may never be read. If an author writes a book and a publisher prints it up, and would distribute it

through the mails to those who wish to read it—but the Department thinks it obscene—those who wished to read it may never get to read it. If a publisher prints a weekly or monthly magazine which men would like to read but can only receive by mail—and the Department thinks it obscene—these men may never read it. And if the Department thinks obscene any paper, pamphlet, newspaper, magazine or book, printed and/or distributed by a publisher or person who also requires the mail for the conduct of his business, the business may be closed and no further papers, pamphlets, newspapers, magazines or books circulated to those men who wish to read them.

All the authors and publishers whose works have been censored or suppressed by the Department had something to say about sexual relations, sexual behaviour and sexual morality. They said it in very different ways and with varying degrees of accomplishment. Most of what they said was debatable. But what they had to say and what new authors and publishers now have to say

may be of some social importance—for the community of men seems never completely to have solved its sexual problems, just as it has never fully solved its economic, social, religious and political problems. Whether the views expressed are right or wrong, true or false, beneficial or depraving, cannot be submitted to any one man or any few men to decide—consistent with freedom of expression.

These questions can, under our Constitutional government, be submitted only to the great audience, the whole community, who must ultimately decide as their individual and collective wisdom or folly decrees. In the final analysis, the principal defense against the censorship of obscene literature may rest upon the belief that the attempted censorship of any literature spells evils greater than those which can be suppressed; that if we must choose, we would be the wiser to ordain that one faithful translation of *Lysistrata* live for all time, than that 10,000 pounds of pornography be burned here and now. But the choice also entails the funda-

Summer Pond Romance

THE golden pond crab
wrapped round the belly of a rock
in clawed circumference bulges,
intent on landing the ledges
and carapace cliff of its fathers.

Pinned on a stony green pool,
obstacles and animals go sweetly;
perched on imperishable hinges
he lunges with a spidery stomach,
exalting toward some natural summit.

God-stalks of gold claws embrace,
hug in self to fondle the stone.
Zodiac blue on the green
roughens the summer pond waters,
and the rock in its rock-bound desire.

Then gold summer changes its gold
with ferns to enslave all the swimmers,
brought by spells of degree
to slippery gelatinous games,
things clinging to be severed by texture.

Soft-stuck on a shifting dominion,
the crab gluey glistens in sun,
and lifts up its claws for the climb;
so jumps off the jaw-footed form
and slips away from the stone
to tread out the tidemarks between.

JANE MAYHALL

BOOKS & COMMENT

Obscenity, Censorship and the Mails — II

by Edward de Grazia

THE Post Office Department's justifications for its censorship of literature began with the philosophy of Anthony Comstock—the man credited with shaming Congress into passage of the basic postal obscenity law, whose views dominated the early enforcement of the law and whose mind molded the law's application for decades. The trouble with obscenity according to Comstock was that:

The effect of this business on our youth and society, no pen can describe. It breeds lust. Lust defiles the body, debauches the imagination, corrupts the mind, deadens the will, destroys the memory, sears the conscience, hardens the heart and damns the soul. It unnerves the arm, and steals away the elastic step. It robs the soul of manly virtues, and imprints upon the mind of the youth, visions that throughout life curse the man or woman. Like a panorama, the imagination seems to keep this hated thing before the mind, until it wears its way deeper and deeper, plunging the victim into practices that he loathes. This traffic has made rakes and libertines in society—skeltons in many a household. The family is polluted, home desecrated, and each generation born into the world is more and more cursed by the inherited weakness, the harvest of this seed-sowing of the Evil one.

A powerful figure feared and hated by many, Comstock was often subject to attacks by what he was wont to describe as the nation's "secular press" and "a conspiracy of the blackest character . . . free lovers, convicts, and so-called liberals." But Comstock's philosophy of obscenity nevertheless prevailed and its fruits can be found in numerous old court decisions and in an occasional contemporary opinion. The language employed by the Solicitor's office of the Post Office Department when it comes today to serve notice of a book's seizure, though it be but a weak rendition of Comstock's vigorous prose, retains the essential argument. One of the most

recent examples is found in the letter from the Solicitor to the rare-book dealer who had ordered from England a rare-edition copy of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*. The critical portions of the letter reads as follows:

Examination of this *Lysistrata* shows that it contains numerous passages which are plainly obscene, lewd and lascivious in character which are well calculated to deprave the morals of persons reading same and almost equally certain to arouse libidinous thoughts in the minds of the normal reader. The effect of the book is intensified and heightened by the indecent and lascivious character of the illustrations.

This condemnation is typical and rudimentary as it may seem, contains the whole theory of the function of the Department's obscenity operations: to prevent the recipient and "normal reader" of literature sent through the mails from having his libido aroused and his morals depraved. Whether the condemned material be pornography or Attic comedy, this is the basic justification.

THE "comstockian mind" demands that the government censor obscene literature because only by such censorship will the reader's mind be saved from libidinal moral depravity. The question is never asked how it can be a proper function of a democratic government to intrude upon individual morality and compel the individual to be saved from himself. The individual reader is never asked whether he *wishes* to be "saved" by governmental intervention, nor whether he might not prefer to be rescued, if at all, by his priest or psychoanalyst. Such questions are not asked because they are basically irrelevant to the reasons behind the pressures for postal censorship of the public's reading materials: the psychological need of the "comstockian mind" to save

itself from the dangers of corruption.

Most persons, including the "normal reader," have little difficulty in dealing with erotic or obscene literature. If libidinal thoughts are aroused, as charged, by an obscene book (or, for that matter, by an attractive woman) they are accepted and entertained, or negated and rejected, in one way or another. There will be no painful moral conflict or emotional holocaust of the sort predicted by the "comstockian mind." There will, that is, be visited upon the mind of the normal readers no sense of "moral depravity."

A neurotic person, on the other hand, may be deeply troubled by the spectre of obscene literature—fearing his inability to cope with libidinal thoughts however aroused. Obscene literature or art, for such a person, threatens to awaken latent sexuality and the anxiety that such "dangerous" impulses cannot be controlled. Feelings of guilt, shame or disgust descend, demanding annihilation of the aroused erotic impulses, leaving in their wake the generalized feeling of "moral depravity."

ONE method by which such a person attempts to cope with his fear of obscene literature and its attendant pangs of anxiety, guilt, shame and disgust, is through the psychological mechanism of "projection." If the painful psychic conflict can be projected outward onto the external world where it may be perceived as arising in *other persons* and not oneself—the anxiety and fear is felt to originate elsewhere and to adhere to someone else: the potential readers of the obscene book. This is preferable not only because the problem becomes someone else's but also because external authoritarian mechanism can be brought to bear upon and suppress the dangerous erotic stimuli. Thus is the federal government called upon to save the neurotic condition of the "comstockian mind." If the Post Office Department can be made to censor, suppress and condemn the obscene book, the "other" persons (the potential readers) will be "saved" from certain depravity, and the "comstockian mind" will be rescued from its crisis of fear and anxiety.

This analysis may explain how Comstock could find Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* and Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* calculated to deprave the morals of the public; how the Post Office De-

plishment being the creation of and leadership of the Select Committee on Foreign Aid in the Republican-controlled 80th Congress.

In the critical year of 1947 the late Arthur Vandenberg was engaged in swinging Senate Republicans behind the Administration's foreign-aid plans. But in the House Charles Eaton of New Jersey, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, lacked the strength to carry the program through. Herter, a member of the powerful Rules Committee, outmaneuvered Eaton by proposing a special committee to investigate the foreign-aid problem. He succeeded and became its acting chairman. He deliberately included representatives of the GOP isolationist wing on the committee, and staffed it with experts from Harvard and other universities. The committee toured Europe with the careful guidance of Herter and his experts; most of its members were converted to the necessity of foreign aid, and in 1948 were instrumental in the passage of the Marshall Plan.

IN 1952, Massachusetts Republicans were desperate for a candidate to oppose the powerful Democratic Governor, Paul A. Dever, and Herter, although relatively unknown outside his Congressional district, was drafted in what he assumed to be a losing battle. Instead Herter carried the state by 14,000 votes out of 2 million cast, while Eisenhower's plurality was more than 200,000. In 1954 Herter was re-elected although not by an overwhelming vote.

As against these assets there are some important considerations on the debit side of the Herter candidacy. First, Herter is still almost unknown outside his own state; a campaign for him would have to come from the top, without any real popular support, and against the opposition of all those who would cry that a hand-picked candidate was being put over on the voters.

This problem is well shown by recent events in the neighboring state of New Hampshire, which holds the nation's first primary in March. A few weeks ago there was a good deal of talk in Massachusetts about entering Herter's name in New Hampshire. However, while the majority of New Hampshire Republicans supported Eisenhower in 1952, right-wing forces are strong. They include New Hampshire's senior Senator Styles Bridges and the McCarthyite *Manchester Union-Leader*, the only newspaper with statewide circulation.

In late December Governor Lane Dwinell and other prominent Eisenhower supporters announced that despite the President's silence they would file a slate in his name. At the same time, it was reported that Knowland had consulted a prominent New Hampshire Republican in Washington, presumably Bridges, and had been told that he had no possible chance in the state unless Eisenhower definitely withdrew. Privately, Dwinell and others filing for Eisenhower told Massachusetts reporters that they admired Herter; but, they said, he was simply not widely

known in New Hampshire, and there was not time to publicize him before the primary. In other words, even under relatively favorable conditions Ike Republicans are not anxious to hazard their control of convention delegates by an open contest between a little-known Eisenhower man and a strong and well-supported contender like Knowland.

There are other stones in Herter's path. Despite his abilities and charm, he is not an especially warm figure. A patrician background and family wealth are not insuperable obstacles, as Mr. Roosevelt proved, but the impression they give in Herter's case is reinforced by a certain restraint in his manner. There is also a serious question as to whether, if elected, he would have the political or personal strength to control the GOP right-wing; in Massachusetts, his way has always been smoothed by the clockwork functioning of the Republican Party organization and the absence of serious internal factionalism.

Herter's health, and possibly his age, are handicaps too, in a year when such considerations are likely to weigh heavily. He has suffered for some years from a fairly serious and sometimes painful arthritic condition, which, like the President's health, has recently been discussed freely in the Massachusetts press. In a recent interview, he told reporters that his condition had shown no progression in the past five years, and that doctors had pronounced him fit to carry on "any" political activity. Still, one can assume that both voters and professional politicians would hesitate before accepting as a substitute for Eisenhower a man of 61 whose health was in doubt.

UPPER BERNARDSTON ROAD CHAPTER
Greenfield, Massachusetts



Meet CHRISTIAN A. HERTER

Personally --

he's 60 years old, 6 feet, 5 inches tall -- has four children and 12 grandchildren -- a graduate of Harvard ('15) and has 12 honorary degrees

Publicly --

he is probably the best-trained man for the Presidency of the United States now available because

1. he understands WORLD AFFAIRS

- at age 21, acting Minister to Belgium
- in 1918, Secretary of American Peace Commission in Paris
- in 1920, executive secretary of European Relief Council
- 1929-30, visiting lecturer in International Law and Government at Harvard
- he is the "father of the Marshall Plan" -- while in Congress he headed a 19-man Congressional Committee that toured 18 foreign nations and laid groundwork for the Marshall Plan to save Europe from Communism



4. he is RESPECTED and LIKED by

- he has been decorated by Belgian, Greek and Polish Governments for humanitarian service
- he has been acclaimed by labor for improving the lot of the workman, for caring for the sick and aged. (he was father of the Unemployment Law in Massachusetts)



Herter receives the National Republican Club's distinguished service award

Herter's achievements as Governor of Massachusetts are difficult to assess, and will probably not be a decisive factor in any case. For in Massachusetts it is rather hard to evaluate any governor unless his administration is strikingly good or bad. The serious economic and fiscal problems of the Bay State harass any governor. The state's debt, mounting under both Republicans and Democrats since 1945, has climbed further under Herter to almost a record billion dollars; and the current fiscal year will probably find the state still further in the red.

Herter's projected program for 1956 is certainly "Eisenhower Republican" in orientation; it stresses the need of more funds for roads, mental institutions, housing, and unemployment benefits; the Democratic legislators, like their counterparts in Washington, are expected to argue primarily that the legislation does not go far enough.

A more serious criticism of Herter might be his failure to develop an aggressive campaign to attract new industry to the state, to replace the still-departing textile and shoe factories. Massachusetts was hard hit by unemployment in 1954, although it has shared in the general 1955 prosperity, and though Herter has made definite efforts to bring in industry, the state's program does not compare in imagination with that of many Southern states nor even with tourist-oriented neighbors like New Hampshire. Herter's 1954 campaign was marred somewhat by an attempt to juggle his own administration's unemployment figures to make them appear smaller than they were, and by promises of special aid to economically depressed areas which did not materialize in 1955.

When he was a member of the Massachusetts House, Herter voted with his party in opposition to many welfare measures supported by labor and liberal groups, and he has always been opposed by labor. As a Congressman, he voted for internationalist measures with one important exception, but was usually to be found on the Republican side on social and economic legislation. In the years from 1946 to 1952, *The New Republic* found itself in disagreement with his voting record on almost every bill which involved price or rent controls, housing, labor or public power.

The most unhappy chapter of Herter's record, from an internationalist point of view, was his hostility to Point Four in 1949 and 1950. When Truman offered his program of aid to underdeveloped areas as part of his famous Inaugural Address in 1949, Herter was one of the Republican leaders who argued that they need not feel a responsibility for the program, since they had not been consulted in the initial stages of its planning. A case can certainly be made in theory for this view of bipartisanship, and more than one Democrat of high standing in the Senate has followed a similar line in rejecting the President's new foreign-aid proposals. But the practical result of Herter's action was that GOP Congressmen, who saw Point Four only as a "global WPA" were further encouraged in their opposition. Rather than throwing his considerable influence behind the bill, Herter helped to delay its passage and in 1950 offered a substitute which cut \$20 million from the original and modest \$45 million for which Truman had asked. Herter's amendment passed the House, and only later Senate action raised the final appropriation to \$35 million.

HERTER's availability for the Presidency, of course, does not depend on his gubernatorial record, nor on his stand on Point Four. It does not begin and end with his support in Massachusetts, though the Massachusetts GOP is probably one of the best organized and most Eisenhower-oriented in the nation. Nor are Herter's established views on domestic issues decisive. Very little after all, was revealed concerning the convictions of Dwight Eisenhower on domestic issues in 1952. Eisenhower, for all his amateurishness, attracted the ardent loyalty of active and important men who saw in him the one chance of halting the presidential march of Robert A. Taft. In the same way, Herter may rise today if the opposition to Richard Nixon becomes a vital force. This was the significance and the promise of a recent gathering where Herter was the guest of honor at the Circus Saints and Sinners in New York. His aspirations, of course, were kidded in the traditional manner and Herter responded as any public personality must. At the close of the dinner, he was presented with a pair of spiked shoes "for running in 1956." Along with them came a steel file—"to sharpen the spikes in case you run against Vice President Nixon."

The New Government of France

by T. NOEL STERN

I AM NOT yet ready to share the conviction of my more worrisome friends that the two extremes in the new French Parliament will join forces to destroy the democratic system in France. The fear is that the Communists and the Poujadists together will topple the republican system as they once did in Germany and Italy.

The French Stalinists state that they won almost half a million new votes in the January 2 election and boast that their representation in the National Assembly grew from 98 deputies at the end of the last parliament to 151 representatives in the new Chamber. But their victory is more

apparent than real. The Communists won 25.7 percent of the vote in 1951, and exactly the same percentage in a somewhat larger voting public in 1956. From 1951 to the dissolution of Parliament in 1955, the Communist Party was grossly under-represented in the National Assembly due to the electoral law and to election alliances by other parties. Today the



Communists are somewhat over-represented due to the factionalism of their rivals.

Pierre Poujade—the stationery and book-store owner whose party rose out of nothing to win 12 percent of the popular vote—has himself added fire to this fear, since he has instructed his 52 deputies to refuse to vote at all—reminiscent of the precedent set by the Gaullists until 1953, when they either abstained from voting or voted with the Communists against the government. Also Poujade's cautious policy in regard to the Communists has encouraged the suspicion that he plans to work with the Communists in the new Assembly. But because the Poujade movement has been so startling in its upsurge many people have magnified its power beyond reality. While it is true that the Poujadists filled part of the vacuum left by the Gaullist debacle in January, still there are far fewer Poujadists in 1956 than there were Gaullists in 1951. In that year the Gaullists and Communists together controlled more than a third of the legislature or 223 seats, and received 45 percent of the popular vote. Today the extremists of Left and Right, Communists, Poujadists and the splinter party of "New Rightists," control only 203 seats and polled only

approximately 39 percent of the total vote that was cast.

When the press asked about his attitude to the Communists after the election, Poujade gave an ambivalent answer. The Communists should be dissolved if they are controlled by a foreign power, but they should be treated like other French voters if their loyalties are to France. During the election the Poujadists carefully avoided physical clashes with the Communists. At present, the Poujadist weekly paper, *Fraternité Française*, while carrying a bitter campaign against the Radicals of the Popular Front, treats the Communists, and also the Socialists, rather gingerly.

Poujade has been called a "Boulangier" since he defends the bakers and other small merchants. However, "Pierrot" does not otherwise resemble General Boulanger who frightened France in 1889, when he conducted a political campaign by riding around the country on horseback. Poujade is not a military figure; his doctrine has thus far been more anti-statist, since the principal tenet of Poujadism has been the tax-strike. There is no indication yet that Poujade is a Hitler or a Mussolini.

Whether Poujade is a real menace or not depends in a large measure on how shrewd and skillful "Pierrot" himself turns out to be. For the moment he is an unknown quantity. Although he is a good organizer and dramatist, Poujade has neither the stature nor intellectual quality of General de Gaulle, who preceded Poujade as leader of the anti-Parliamentary Right. Moreover, like de Gaulle, Poujade has to face the fact that the French public soon tires of new political toys.

IT IS true too that many people have been swept up by Poujade's campaign without any idea of what the movement stands for. A number of the small tradesmen attracted by the anti-tax program may be scared away. Before the election there were several break-aways from the organization on charges of financial corruption within top leadership. After the election a committee was formed within the Poujade movement to return the organization to its original social action or "syndicalist" basis.

The Poujade Party may follow the course taken by de Gaulle's RPF in 1953, when half of the movement split off to join the Liberal Center parties, and half to join the Right of Center Moderates.

There are four possible majorities in the new Assembly. First there is the *Front Populaire*, which is dominated by the Communists. The Popular Front would in-

T. NOEL STERN, a former Fulbright Professor of Political Science, is director of the United States Foundation of the University of Paris.



Gen. Boulanger

Gen. de Gaulle

Pierre Poujade

clude the Stalinists, democratic Socialists and Mendèsists, and would be a partial return to the Tri-Partite government which ruled France after the war. Numerically this would be an impressive majority since it would include about 300 deputies and would represent more than half of the population. But, practically, the Popular Front is impossible because of the anti-Russian and pro-Western orientation of the Socialists and Mendèsists.

The second and more likely choice is the *Front Republicain* advocated by the Socialists and Mendès Radicals. This is the most probable solution for the moment. At the time of writing, French newspapers generally predict that the new prime-minister will be Guy Mollet, secretary-general of the Socialist Party, with Mendès-France as the second man in the cabinet. Other groups in the coalition would probably be the UDSR of Mitterand and the liberal Gaullists.

A third alternative, the National Union, has been advocated for years by the followers of Pinay and Laniel. It would range from the Socialists on the Left to the right-wing Gaullists. Although there is little chance at the moment that this idea will be accepted by the Mollet-Mendès forces, their Republican Front ignores an essential fact: The Center groups to the Right of Mendès have many more seats in the new Assembly than do the democratic groups to the Left of Center.

Finally, there is a fourth possibility which is not immediate, but which is by no means to be ignored: a rightist movement which would include the Moderates and Poujadists, with the parliamentary acquiescence of the MRP and Faure Radicals.

WHAT chance will the Mollet-Mendès group have of sticking in power, if they can obtain initial parliamentary approval of their government? In order not to be overthrown they must rely upon either the Communists on their Left or upon the old governmental majority on their Right.

If Mollet and Mendès wish to put their social program into effect in metropolitan France and in Algeria, they will have to rely upon the Communists.

However, the Republican Front will have to part with the Stalinists on issues of foreign policy; and does not share the proclivity of the Communists for violence in

social action. Moreover the right-wing of the Republican Front, Mendès and the liberal Gaullists, does not share the high degree of anti-clericalism of the Marxist groups to their Left. Therefore, it is quite possible that the Republican coalition will have to rely on an oscillating majority shifting from Left to Right, following the example of its predecessor. At times the Mollet-Mendès group will have to depend on an unacknowledged popular front, and at other times upon a *de facto* national union.

The test of the Republican Front will be principally one of time and speed. A fighting minority government can stay in power if it can put its domestic social reforms into effect before it is ousted from power on foreign and colonial issues. If the Republican Front can raise wages, subsidize housing, and somehow avoid inflation, it will be guaranteed a long reign. But a bombshell in North Africa or in some other part of the world could well put an end to its rule.

BUT I doubt that France is ripe for a revolution created by the Communists and quasi-Fascists. My reasons are these:

Although the Communists are strong, both their power and their growth have been exaggerated.

Although Poujade has shown marked Fascist tendencies, he has a long way to go to develop a full-blown militarized party after the fashion of Mussolini.

Although there have been serious evidences of violence in the recent history of the Communists and Poujadists, France is still a long way from a revolutionary state. Her political delinquents resemble the gangs of New York more than the rioters of Istanbul.

Although the Communist-Poujadist extremes control about 200 seats in the new legislature, they control fewer places than were held by the two anti-parliamentary extremes in the previous National Assembly.

Two other facts support the feeling of conservative hope for France. One is the general economic and social conditions of the country, the other its political tradition.

I cannot quite see a parallel between France in 1956, and Italy in 1922 or Germany in 1933. Despite the North African crisis and despite the government's policy of *laissez-faire*, France has witnessed a slow but steady economic upswing since the end of the general strike in 1953. Although there is sharp political cleavage in France, the country is not in the state of economic and social anarchy which characterized Italy at the time of Mussolini's march on Rome. Nor is the mass of the French population in the fanatical mood of depression and defeat which typified Germany at the downfall of the Weimar Republic. And finally, France has a longer, more deeply engrained tradition of republicanism than did her two neighbors on the east and southeast when they succumbed to totalitarianism.

We've Never Had More Freedom—III

A Sane View of Non-Conformity

by JOHN P. ROCHE

IN THE first article of this series, I suggested that the United States is today a freer nation, from the standpoint of the individual non-conformist, than ever before in its history. In the second article, I discussed that American perennial, the reign of terror, concluding that the situation today, when compared with the reigns of terror that have on a local basis bloodied up the American past, augurs well for the life-expectancy of the non-conformist. The bulk of punishments for non-conformity today are less severe than was the case in the 19th Century: typically deviations are punished on a bureaucratic rather than on a direct level, *i.e.*, a "security risk" is dismissed from his job, not hanged to a lamppost or tarred and feathered.

In these articles, I attempted to divorce my convictions from my analysis, to examine the past on its merit. I am certain that my prejudices did from time to time seep into the interstices of the argument; yet it is essential, if we are to learn anything from the experience of our ancestors, that we refuse to treat the past as a retrospective proving-ground for our convictions about the present. However, in this final article, I am free to present my convictions about the present, and I shall examine what seem to me to be the major threats to our liberties.

The literature about individual violations of rights is abundant, so I shall not attempt an instance by instance, area by area, study. What I plan to do is investigate two major tendencies in American public policy. First, the enlargement of the political sector; and, second, the withering of decency. However, before I begin the discussion of these trends, it is essential that I define what I mean by democracy, for this definition is fundamental to my subsequent analysis.

Democratic government is by far the most difficult system to implement and operate yet conceived. The supreme danger that confronts it is a perpetual tendency to drift in the direction of majoritarianism. But majority rule is not democracy; to identify the two is to confuse the instrument with the premise. Once one identifies the two, he divorces himself from the democratic tradition and enters another which either overtly or covertly asserts

that power is its own justification. The essence of this approach to democracy is that the fists of the majority, like Frederick the Great's cannon, are inscribed *ultima ratio regnum*—the ultimate justification of the state.

To the democrat, power is not self-legitimizing. On the contrary, power is only legitimate to the extent that it forwards certain ethical, philosophical or religious ends. The basic purpose of power is to make possible a maximum development of human potentialities, and this purpose is in turn founded upon the unverifiable assumption that men are capable of rising to a level of unselfish dedication to each other and to the common weal.

Moreover, the democrat is denied the comforting crutch of certainty. While he holds his convictions *on the level of action* firmly enough to die for them on occasion, *on the level of thought* he is constantly engaged in questioning, in searching for better answers. It is his fate to be constantly battling for what he knows to be at best a half-truth, to be making a full action commitment on the basis of incomplete evidence.

To achieve working answers to everyday problems, the democrat accepts majority decisions as binding on the actions of the community. However, no decision is ever final. In the event that new evidence appears, a new trial is in order, and it is the dynamic function of the non-conformist to urge new trials, to submit new evidence, to demand a public hearing for a different view. Thus in a healthy democracy the majority and the non-conformist depend upon each other, and each supplies a vital component to the whole. Stability is provided by the majority, while vitality flows from the non-conformist. Consequently, the democrat protects the rights of the non-conformist not merely as an act of decency, but more significantly as an imperative for himself and the whole society.

THIS is the idea, and if, as I have suggested, we in the United States have tarnished it somewhat, even tarnished it has a grandeur which no elitist theory can approach. It is toward this great dream of power as the ethical instrument of a self-governing community—not as the whim of a prince, a priest or a proletariat, nor the passions of a majority—that I believe American public policy must be directed.

A major threat to the achievement of this goal seems

JOHN P. ROCHE, a member of the political science faculty of Haverford College, is a director of the American Civil Liberties Union, Pennsylvania Branch.

to me to stem from the enlargement of the political sector. It is characteristic of totalitarian states that no sector of national life can exist free from political control. Everything from stamp clubs and bowling leagues to political parties and pressure groups must pay obeisance to political objectives, must if demanded, purge themselves of Jews, kulaks, Trotskyites or other deviants. The state becomes the only *real* organization, and all other groups are subservient to it. When this occurs, political criteria are injected into judgments where they have no rational meaning: chess players are evaluated in terms of their politics, not their chess; great physicists are condemned for their religion, while their scientific merit goes unevaluated.

The Soviet Union has pushed this tendency almost to its logical conclusion, and faced with worldwide assault from Communism, free societies have been forced to review their own definition of "political." For example, it is patent that 19th Century clichés about freedom of organization cannot suffice to deal with a political party that is also a foreign intelligence service and a potential rebel army. Similarly, insurance companies, sport clubs, trade unions, children's camps, have turned up which defy the classic definition of these organizations by having political rather than private objectives.

Faced with this strange and frightening phenomenon, the American people have moved in two directions to counteract the dangers they fear: first, they have rushed to set up a security program, or programs, based more on principles of vengeance than security; and, second, they have injected political criteria into areas where these principles have no meaning. In short, they have tended to defend themselves by imitating the tactics of the enemy, by enlarging the political sector.

Governments have the right to protect themselves from disloyal servants and I heartily approve of rigid standards of loyalty for all persons in sensitive positions. But our national security programs proceed, by methods that vary from careful scrutiny to malevolent idiocy (*cf.*, Wolf Ladejinsky), to dismiss from governmental positions of every description persons of "doubtful" loyalty.

THIS is "Getting Commies" with a vengeance, but it does not necessarily add one iota to the security of the United States. The great bulk of government jobs are of a non-sensitive character and it seems to me that a meaningful security program with respect to these posts would require only old-fashioned civil service techniques with the burden of proof on the United States to demonstrate the malfeasance of the individual.

The second direction in which we have moved is toward applying political criteria in areas where they are senseless, if not pernicious. Many examples of this sort can be found on the American scene: harmonica players are denied a hall because of alleged subversive connec-

tions, boxers are required to take loyalty oaths before putting on the gloves, unemployed workers are refused compensation because of ties with Communist unions, etc. Most actions of this sort are merely silly and—as I suggested in an earlier article—there is certainly no reign of terror loose in the nation, but silly or not, their cumulative effect is dangerous.

Consequently we should make all possible efforts to limit the political sector. In dealing, for example, with Communist public school teachers, I feel the key level of examination is not that of Party membership, but that of teaching. It is my personal conviction that Communists make bad teachers because of the closed quality of their minds, to say nothing of their penchant for illegitimate extra-curricular activities such as organizing secret student cells, but this proposition is a matter to be tested and adjudicated in individual instances.

THE second broad tendency which seems to me to threaten our liberties is what I have called the withering of decency. The assault against Communism has in the United States begun to resemble a campaign against rabid foxes—in word, if not in deed—and many seem to have forgotten a basic truth that can only be overlooked at great peril to an individual and a national soul: that Communists are human beings.

It has always been characteristic of public hysteria, reigns of terror, purges and the like that the enemy is dehumanized; he becomes a *thing*. The basic philosophical and theological case for human slavery from Aristotle down to our own times has rested on the premise that slaves are sub-human, and Hannah Arendt has pointed out the use to which modern totalitarianism has put this sophistry. How totalitarian regimes strip their opposition groups of humanity has also been recorded in such superb literary works as Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, Orwell's *1984*, and Milosz's *Captive Mind*. Viewed from this perspective, the Moscow Trials were merely the disposal by the Stalinist state of some inadequate tools, that had not fulfilled their tasks properly.

Let us take a case with which I have some personal experience, the "Fifth Amendment librarian" of Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania. The background of this case is well known: Mary Knowles pleaded the Fifth Amendment before a Congressional committee some years ago in Boston after having been named by Herbert Philbrick as a Communist. She was dismissed from a public library in Massachusetts, but no indictment was lodged against her for any criminal offense. Moving to Wayne, Pennsylvania, she took a position with a little library run by a Quaker organization, and also in part subsidized from public funds. Her performance as librarian has been from all accounts excellent—there has been no evidence adduced to suggest that she has been using her job to forward the Communist Party.

However, in the neighboring area a group has or-

ganized to "get" Mrs. Knowles with the engaging title of "Citizens for Philbrick." I surely have no objections to citizens organizing peacefully for anything they choose, but this group has instituted a real campaign of hate against the librarian—a campaign which was intensified when the Fund for the Republic announced a \$5,000 grant to the Quaker Meeting for standing fast against the lynch mob—and will apparently be satisfied with nothing less than her head on a platter. In the course of the affair, it has apparently been overlooked that Mrs. Knowles, a person against whom no criminal accusations have been lodged, is a human being who must eat.

On a broader level, probably no episode has left such a spoor of hate in its wake as the Rosenberg case. When human beings talk of other human beings as "rats"—"Kill the Rats!"—I feel an overpowering urge to abdicate from the human race.

WE ALL know from personal experience how easy it is to be carried away by frenzy and join the haters—the human capacity to hate is proof of a sort for the doctrine of Original Sin—and we all have regretted our dalliance. It is probably to prevent our hasty judgments from haunting us forever that we have built elaborate procedural labyrinths into our law, and it is to prevent such frenzied aberrations from poisoning the future that we have built delay into our political institutions. As the Massachusetts *Body of Liberties* (1641) succinctly put the matter: "Our duty and desire is to do nothing suddainlie which fundamentally concerne us."

However, we cannot expect our institutions alone to preserve our spiritual chastity; on the contrary, these institutions can in the long haul be no stronger than the morality that supports them. This is why it is so important that our political leaders *be* leaders, be willing to stick their necks out in the cause of decency. While I have never been a devotee of Dean Acheson's foreign policy, he stands at the top of my list for his courageous decency. Tactically it was a blunder to state that he would not "turn his back on Alger Hiss," but in a moral sense it was an affirmation of humanity against the blood cultists.

A final aspect of this withering of decency that deserves mention is the tendency that accompanies it to turn life into a conspiracy: No blunder is ever accidental, no policy-maker is ever stupid. This approach to life supplies logical justification for exorcising decency from political relations, for if one assumes that individuals are mere instruments of alien forces, ideological automata, as it were, he is consistent when he treats his enemies as objects to be destroyed. A blunderer in the State Department loses his character as a fallible human being, perhaps deserving dismissal for incompetence, and becomes an enemy Knight on a cosmic chessboard, an object to be eliminated.

In evaluating errors in policy, we should always assume

that bad judgment is at fault until it can be conclusively demonstrated to the contrary. In general, we should act upon the assumption that in politics, as in interpersonal relations, the simplest explanation is usually the best. If we abandon this common-sense rule, we enter a universe in which logic triumphs over life and decency is a superfluous, if not a dangerous, quality.

I have concentrated in this article on the two main trends in contemporary American life that seem to me to threaten the long-run development of our liberties. There are, of course, others which a longer analysis would have to take into account, notably the resurgence of direct democracy in the South since the Supreme Court's desegregation holding. It is my conviction that the law-abiding majority in the South will eventually rally to the Constitution and that, perhaps with great delays, white and Negro children will at last be granted full equality. However, before that day dawns, the Negro community in the South is going to have some rough sledding at the hands of the local forces of "law and order." To the extent that "Citizen's Councils" merely agitate against the Constitution—even if their agitation is of a despicable character—they are within their rights, but every resource that the national government can legitimately command should be employed against them if they employ force and violence to subvert the Constitution.

I HAVE attempted an over-all appraisal of the state of American liberties as of 1956. Perhaps because I do not share the conviction of many American historians that the history of the United States has been the unfolding of Anglo-Saxon virtues and the assimilation to them of benighted Irish, Jews, Poles or Asians, I take a somewhat more jaundiced view in these articles of the American past than is customary. As a descendant of immigrants who were *not* greeted by Grover Whalen, but by signs reading "No Irish Need Apply," I may have an unduly prejudiced view of intergroup relations in the 19th Century. But whatever biases I may have, I submit that the evidence is clear: in the United States today, ethnic, political, religious non-conformists have more leeway, have a better life-expectancy, than was ever before the case. As the United States has emerged from the radical internal transformations that accompanied the industrial revolution, we seem to have achieved a new maturity, a willingness to live and let live, and a growing acceptance of legal procedures. As I have suggested in this final article, great dangers confront us and those who cherish liberty must fight a many-fronted war if we are to maintain and enlarge our heritage. But in these fights we can draw some comfort from looking back at the great distance we have travelled and from the knowledge that while the American standard may be tattered, we have achieved a level of individual freedom that hundreds of millions of human beings can only conceive of as a remote, impossible aspiration.



The Superficial Aspect

Life and Mr. Dulles

Freedom of the press, guaranteed by the First Amendment, is a grand and glorious thing, protecting the journalist against many vicissitudes, but it has its limits. Effective against courts and committees it may be, but nobody claims that it can shelter an Able Editor against the wrath of the Little Woman, and this limitation is, for the irreverent, a sufficient explanation of the remarkable case of the Secretary of State and *Life*.

Mr. Butler, of the Democratic National Committee, sees in it a deep-laid Republican plot, but Mr. Butler would, of course. It is his official business to discover everywhere Republican plots full of moral turpitude and intellectual depravity, and he attends to his business assiduously; but it is doubtful that even he, as a person, not an official, puts much stock in the plot theory.

Let it be put to Mr. Butler candidly: if he were an Able Editor, willing to speak kind words about the wife's boss; and if he undertook to do so; and if, through a combination of woeful circumstances the thing back-fired and singed the boss' whiskers damnably; and if he were then confronted with the necessity of explaining to the Little Woman why he had got her in bad with her boss; then would Mr. Butler need any plot or conspiracy to induce him to rush to the Wailing Wall, there to beat his breast and cry, *Peccavi?*

If Mr. Butler refuses to reply, put it to any jury of 12 married men, taken at random. The verdict is a foregone conclusion.

The article in *Life* that created the disturbance was friendly to Mr. Dulles, to some tastes effusively friendly. Its fault was that it did not protect Mr. Dulles against himself. This is a service—but not an obligation—that experienced newspapermen constantly perform for public figures to whom they are friendly. It is the business of newspapermen to know how things will look in print. Some statements, innocuous as spoken words, look like the devil in cold type, and when a well-liked public figure, politician, businessman or reverend clergyman, goes over the line, a discreet reporter will often suggest that he soften the utterance.

But this is a friendly service, not an obligation. The journalist's obligation is discharged when he has quoted

accurately what the man said. It is not denied that the reporter for *Life* quoted Mr. Dulles accurately, and under ordinary circumstances any embarrassment that might have resulted would be strictly Mr. Dulles' embarrassment, not that of the journal. It was quite out of the ordinary when Publisher Luce assumed the onus and apologized publicly for the awkwardness caused by an accurate quotation.

Mr. Butler, seeing this, cries "plot!" But why? After all, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce is an ambassador, that is to say, one of the Secretary of State's employees. If her husband prints an article damaging to the Secretary, that could not be expected to improve her standing with her boss; on the contrary, the expected result would be to get her in bad with him. Any luckless wight, even an Able Editor, who gets his wife in bad with her boss need not hope that the First Amendment will do him any good; freedom of the press goes far, but not that far. So Mr. Luce's appearance in penitential robes can easily be accounted for without dragging in any cloak-and-dagger stuff.

The incident is of a piece with the rest of Mr. Dulles' career in his present position. James Reston, of the *New York Times*, recently made the observation that no enemy digs pitfalls for Mr. Dulles; he digs them himself, and not by inadvertence. His worst blunders have been committed, not in the heat of passion, but in carefully prepared statements. "Massive retaliation," "agonizing reappraisal," the "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek, all appeared in considered utterances, presumably calculated for their effect.

Now it would seem that the same ironic destiny controls the efforts of his friends. No Democrat has made an attack on Mr. Dulles half as disastrous as this sincere effort by a friendly publication to give him a build-up. Students of the history of American politics have long known that a curious fatality seems to dog certain men in certain jobs. Henry Clay, for example, was a brilliant Secretary of State, but everything he did seemed to blow up in his face.

His best friends can hardly claim seriously that Mr. Dulles is a brilliant Secretary, but it is remarkable how consistently he has contrived to multiply his own difficulties. In this he somewhat resembles Sir Anthony Eden, except that Eden's troubles began when he assumed the premiership.

One wonders what will be the result now that they are getting together to work out a joint policy. Perhaps the bad luck of one will counteract and neutralize that of the other, opening the way to a smoother and steadier course in the future. The alternative hardly bears thinking of; for if the lucklessness of one should be added to that of the other, then indeed we may expect to hear thunder on the Left.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

BOOKS & COMMENT

Satire in Soviet Russia

by J. F. Matlock Jr.

SATIRE on domestic themes was one of the casualties of the tightened ideological controls applied to Soviet literature just after the Second World War. The capitalist West could be ridiculed, yes, but when Russian writers turned to their own society they were expected to give a positive, encouraging picture. Theoretically, a writer was permitted to castigate "bourgeois survivals" in Soviet life; in practice he walked a precarious tightrope if he chose to do so. Not only did he have to take care not to lampoon some feature whose existence was not officially admitted, but the rope itself might snap at any time a once-acceptable subject for satire suddenly became taboo.

The condemnation of Mikhail Zoshchenko and (posthumously) of Ilf and Petrov furnished powerful object lessons to would-be satirists. Zoshchenko, once Russia's most popular humorist, created a genre of the light, amusing anecdote based on the petty frustrations of everyday life. In the twenties and early thirties Ilf and Petrov wrote two very funny books about an amiable rogue leading a gang of assorted crooks over Russia in search of easy money. Zoshchenko was condemned in 1946 and not allowed to publish a single satirical tale from then until after Stalin's death. Neither Ilf nor Petrov survived the war, but a 1948 reprint of one of their novels brought a storm of abuse and severe reprimands for the publishers.

It would not be difficult to predict the effect of these pressures—writers in general avoided satire and the few pallid attempts approved by editors for publication took shots at superficial or artificial vices. Even Soviet propagandists in the habit of extolling Soviet literature as the best in the world now agree that satire had reached its nadir in 1952.

Rather unexpectedly, the regime made an attempt to exhume the genre even before Stalin died. At the Nine-

teenth Party Congress, Malenkov made the now-famous statement:

Such genres as satire are still lacking in our Soviet fiction, drama and motion pictures. It would be wrong to assume that our Soviet life does not provide material for satire. We need Soviet Gogols and Shchedrins who, with the fire of their satire, will burn away everything that is undesirable, rotten and moribund, everything that retards our progress.

We cannot say that a new Gogol or Shchedrin has arisen in the more than three years since the Malenkov statement. But a number of pure satires have appeared, and satirical elements are now widespread in Soviet literature.

One of the first examples of the new satire was Sergei Mikhalkov's comedy *Crabs*, produced during the 1952-53 theatre season. Following the pattern of Gogol's *Inspector General*, Mikhalkov pictures a group of corrupt provincial officials taken in by a stranger posing as a scientist. The local authorities are shown wallowing in corruption and favoritism and completely unmindful of their public duties. The newcomer is immediately given an important post and entrusted with state funds, with which, of course, he promptly absconds.

Crabs was well received, with relatively minor reservations. This was a clear harbinger of a more liberal attitude toward satire. Two years earlier it would not have been produced, and if by some accident it had been made public, would have been condemned as anti-patriotic.

THE new policy of tolerating and even encouraging satire, however, was not a *carte blanche* to playwrights. This fact was forcefully impressed on the Soviet literary community in the spring of 1954 after the appearance of *Guests* a play by Leonid Zorin.

Guests is not a comedy, but a drama of social criticism. Peter Kirpichev, the central character occupies one of the top

positions in the Ministry of Justice. When confronted with a clear case of malfeasance on the part of his subordinates—a provincial lawyer had been unjustly disbarred to cover up a scandal in the Ministry—he refused to discharge or reprimand those guilty because it would stain his department's reputation.

But Zorin did not confine his critique simply to bureaucracy and official wrongdoing. He also probed into the reasons for Kirpichev's callous attitude. The son of a prominent revolutionary, Kirpichev had gone through life on his father's name always in positions of power and authority. It was this, Zorin points out, that made him what he is.

WHEN *Guests* opened at a Moscow theatre and was even printed in the leading theatrical magazine it seemed to many that a new era had indeed dawned. Here was not simply an attack on degenerate or backward individuals, out of step with society as a whole, but explicit political criticism of the most serious order. What could be more offensive to an entrenched ruling clique than the suggestion that power corrupts?

After the slow-moving machinery of Soviet officialdom grasped the full significance of *Guests*, the reaction was swift and emphatic. The issue involved was so important that the Collegium of the Ministry of Culture held a special meeting to discuss the play. The Ministry's ruling was categorical: *Guests* was ordered moving from the stage, the theatre that produced it was severely reprimanded, and the editor-in-chief of *Theater*, the magazine that published the text, was removed, along with several of his associates. This initiated a full-scale campaign of condemnation throughout the Soviet press. The methods used duplicated those common during Stalin's rule.

The Ministry of Culture made no bones about its objections to *Guests*. It said, in part:

However improbable it may seem, the idea was expressed outright in *Guests* that Peter Kirpichev's spring from the soil of our society in the natural order of things.

Then it went on to instruct Soviet writers how the situation should have been handled:

If the author of *Guests* had wanted to keep to the truth . . . he should

have exposed, through Peter Kirpichev, the persistence of property-owning psychology and should have shown with all artistic impact and realism, in accord with the truths of life, those methods of the Soviet social system by which the Soviet people overcome these vestiges.

This statement in effect clarified the new regime's attitude toward satire. The genre still received encouragement, but writers were given notice that they must approve Soviet society in general and could criticize blemishes in it only as bourgeois remnants of the past. Not only that, but the satire must be basically optimistic, showing the process by which social ills are cured.

WITHIN these limits remarkably sharp comments on Soviet life are allowed. The direction and extent of permissible social criticism is illustrated in a play that opened last season, Alexander Korneichuk's *Wings*.

Korneichuk, a Ukrainian, is one of the most highly publicized Soviet dramatists. Politically, he is perhaps the most powerful Soviet writer, a member of the Party Central Committee and of the Ukrainian Politburo, and Vice-Chairman of the Ukrainian Council of Ministers. Most of his plays are simply dramatizations of important points in the Party line of the day. His success in adapting political policies to literature brought him five Stalin Prizes between 1941 and 1949.

Both the favorable reception of *Wings* and the authoritative position of its author make it a sort of model for writers wishing to criticize aspects of Soviet life. The plot is simple. Romodan, the central character, is sent to a rural district as Party secretary, the most powerful position in the area. He finds the local administration dominated by a clique of blustering time-servers who are doing nothing to solve the farm crisis or to carry out the other economic plans. They cover up each other's mistakes and denounce anyone who dares criticize their methods. Romodan exposes one abuse and blunder after another, and with the support of most of the local citizenry begins to put the district administration in order.

The subplot of *Wings* touches on a topic hitherto taboo in Soviet literature—criticism of the secret police. After

the war Romodan's wife is falsely accused of collaboration with the Nazis and is imprisoned for several months. Romodan does little to defend her, and when she is released she divorces him. They meet unexpectedly early in the play and the Party secretary admits his guilt toward her.

Two of his comments must have astounded the audiences who saw *Wings*. Speaking of Beria's MVD agents, he says, "How much evil, grief and tears distrust brings to people, the distrust that gang was sowing under the pretext of vigilance. They blinded us and we believed them!" And he affirms the necessity of faith in personal friends: "Soon I came to understand that a person who doesn't believe in his closest friend, no matter what is said about him, cannot believe in anybody."

When we recall the years of "vigilance" campaigns and unwarranted persecutions on every level of Soviet society, years when the Party made a juvenile hero out of a boy who had betrayed his relatives to the police, we can understand how welcome this attitude must be to the Soviet people. Even the attacks on the secret police however are a result not of the author's initiative and

audacity in attacking an obvious abuse, but of the official policy of weakening the MVD as an independent force.

Korneichuk said many striking and some unprecedented things in *Wings*, but he stayed clearly within the limits of the new satire. Corrupt and bungling officials are opposed by the mass of honest citizenry, who win out in the end with the support of the Communist Party. Korneichuk attacks precisely those phenomena which current Party condemns. He does not question any fundamental principle of Communist rule. On the contrary, he tries to show that whatever shortcomings may exist in Soviet society, they are being eliminated rapidly.

EVEN with these restrictions the new attitude toward satire permits the writer to treat life in the Soviet Union with much greater realism. He no longer has to ignore consumer goods and food shortages, corruption and inefficiency, and past injustices of the secret police. He must bear constantly in mind, however, that his primary task is to "educate." And by "educate," Soviet leaders mean indoctrinate the public in the Party policy of the day.

H. L. Mencken, 1880-1956

SOMETHING was subtracted from American freedom when Mencken died.

He stood on his own feet, and however wrong-headed his philosophy it was not designed to appease, nor to curry favor with any man. Since the truly free spirit is rare, the loss of even one is serious; but in this case the loss is multiplied, for the man was not only free but gifted with a flaming literary style that made his freedom glaringly apparent. That style was imitated incessantly, but always lamentably, because its essence was a perception clear of conventional illusions lodged in a man whose independence was too complete for petty spite to be worth his while. So his most violent assaults on men—and some were violent beyond all precedent—were so void of furtive malice that his cuts were clean and healed rapidly. Many men whom he denounced held him in extraordinary personal esteem.

It was his good fortune to flourish in an era with great need of the service that he was supremely qualified to render, that of puncturing frauds. But he was also capable of stupendous labor of which *The American Language* is the monumental result, but which also transformed the American review. Physical collapse silenced him seven years ago, but he has not been forgotten for in his day he was unique and invaluable.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

Baltimore

A Mechanical Redemption

by Grace H. Glueck

SHORTLY after winning the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1952, François Mauriac stated the theme of his work in an interview given to *The Paris Review*:

I rediscover the narrow, Jansenist world of my devout, unhappy and introverted childhood. It is as though when I was twenty a door inside of me had closed forever on that which was going to become the material of my work.

Upon the world of his childhood, Mauriac, one of the best-known writers of the Catholic Renaissance, has taken an epic revenge. He has rediscovered it as a stern, Augustinian sphere that fairly hisses with escaping evil, where sin is

The Lamb, by François Mauriac, translated by Gerard Hopkins. (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy; \$3.)

sin with no Freudian nonsense or excuse about it. Its bourgeois inhabitants, bred in guilt and nourished on despair, grope futilely for love and human communication throughout lives composed of faint-hearted marriages, vulgar spouses, sullen children, grasping land transactions, and occasional joyless bouts of the flesh in the rootless, iniquitous cities.

Though the men of his milieu are often monsters (a favorite Mauriac word) of spiritual, emotional and physical impotence, Mauriac reserves his real venom for the women. For when he is not mortifying their flesh, an art at which he is highly skilled, he is castigating them as watchdogs of the middle-class proprieties who have vulgarized religion into an empty ritual.

AMONG the more striking specimens that Mauriac has caught in classic, if somewhat melodramatic, postures of depravity, American readers may remember Maria Cross, whose adorable (but theologically abominable) flesh bedeviled a father and son in *The Desert of Love*; Gabriel Gradere, the libertine whose altar-boy face belied a murderous heart in *The Mask of Innocence*; Therese Desqueyroux, to whose idle

hands Satan gave the task of lacing water with arsenic in *Therese*.

INTO this ill-starred company Mauriac has now brought, *mirabile visu*, a saint and a redeemer. *The Lamb*, as its title implies, is the story of a sacrifice, a sort of modern variation on the Passion theme, that is concerned with the fate of selfless love at the hands of erring humanity. Xavier Dartigelongue, the lamb of Mauriac's story, is not the self-assured kind of saint who proclaims his vocation in brilliant visions or flashy displays of touch-healing; for this, he is far too well-bred and inhibited. A sheltered, sensitive and brooding young man with a heart full of abstract love and a sense of spiritual obligation to those who suffer, he has failed the worldly expectations of his bourgeois family, and has decided to enter the priesthood. En route to a Paris seminary, he meets on the train Jean de Mirbel, a dashing young *débauché* who has left his wife in a parting scene witnessed by Xavier as the train stops at a local station. (Mirbel is an adult version of the disenchanting adolescent in *Woman of the Pharisees*, and, though Mauriac says in an introductory remark that *The Lamb* is "neither a sequel nor an epilogue" to *Woman of the Pharisees*, he has revived the three main characters and the setting of the earlier book, and a reading of it, so he says, will help to establish the background against which the action of *The Lamb* takes place.)

Between the two there is instant rapport—Mirbel is fascinated by Xavier's innocence, and in Mirbel, Xavier unerringly sniffs a falling soul. He allows Mirbel to persuade him that his call is to the Mirbel household rather than the seminary and, abandoning his planned novitiate, returns with Mirbel to try to save his broken marriage.

But the household at Larjuzon needs more salvation than simple Xavier is equipped to bring it. Its members, a cluster of warped personalities in various stages of spiritual decay, sense Xavier's grace and begin to flutter about his halo like dreary moths. There is the malignant Brigitte Pian, still devoted to the withering good works with which she

demoralized the poor in *A Woman of the Pharisees*. There is Jean's wife Michele, who at the railroad station Xavier had romanticized into a paragon of beauty and virtue—but closer scrutiny reveals his mistake: she has

... a blackhead on one nostril, a little wrinkle at the corner of her mouth, and the red mark of a former boil on her thick neck.

When she smiles, she reveals a faded tooth that is almost blue. He quickly loses interest in *her* and, as she laments her childlessness to him, thinks "If only she doesn't start crying!" There is Brigitte's colorless secretary Dominique, who briefly suggests to him the potential of love. But saints, blessed as they are with spiritual potency, must usually maintain a strict sexual neutrality, and Xavier is no exception. When Dominique tells him she has a friend who would let them use her room, Xavier decides that women are not for him. He gives her up, with sensitive regrets, and she is whisked from the scene by a scandalized Brigitte. His greatest torment is Mirbel who, besides being a cad and a bully, is soon revealed as a sort of incubus who batters on Xavier's virtue and, it is darkly hinted, may even be in the power of the Evil One.

BUT Xavier finds an object for his love in the ugly and maltreated orphan child whom the Mirbels have taken in for adoption, quickly tired of, and plan to return to the Public Assistance. When Mirbel locks Roland in the library for misbehavior, Xavier makes an epic journey there as the household sleeps to save the child from despair. The wooden ladder he fetches from the garden to reach the window becomes for him the burden of the Cross, and he has a mystical vision of Christ's journey to Calvary.

Having achieved this mystical vision, his merit badge of sainthood, as it were, Xavier's trials are all but over. He delivers Roland from the clutches of Mirbel by spiriting him off to Dominique and, returning home from this venture, bicycles headlong into a car driven by Mirbel, who has set out to find him.

Xavier's death miraculously redeems Mirbel, who is "cured," and becomes reunited with Michele. He has gained Xavier's "peace," and, we are told, now realizes that there is love in the world.

Yearbook of the United Nations

1954

Just published—This eighth issue of the most authoritative guide to UN activities and research developments provides public officials, scholars, diplomats, writers, teachers, librarians, students, and others concerned with international affairs with (1) a documented account of the work of the UN for 1954 and (2) a survey of the work of each of the Specialized Agencies during the year. \$10.50

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Columbia University Press
NEW YORK 27, N. Y.

"But it is crucified, and we with it."

Surprise. Stern and exacting creator that he is, Mauriac has rarely allowed his characters a crumb of affirmation, to say nothing of a glimpse of love. At best, they have been able to look forward to "the eternal radiance of death," as does the heroine of *Therese*, or to become aware that their children are not really the depraved monsters they seem, as does the dying miser of *Vipers' Tangle*.

But is the affirmation of Mirbel's spiritual rebirth through Xavier's death convincing? No, for we are asked to accept it on faith and this, though it may be sound theology, does not make literature. One wants, in a novel, to see the way it happens, to witness the changing of heart, to sense the process of growth. One gets, in *The Lamb*, the *deus ex machina* of a mechanical redemption.

Gerrymandering and Unrepresentation

by Richard Strout

THE plodding Washington correspondent comes to the conclusion after 25 or 30 years of watching the wheels go round that there is something remarkably mysterious in the way the rural areas dominate things. Over the

Rural versus Urban Political Power, by Gordon E. Baker (Doubleday; \$9.95).

years he begins to discover that a whole system of rotten boroughs and biased representation gives the farmers and small town dwellers greater political power than the metropolitan and industrial areas.

He discovers that this misrepresentation goes right back into the states—that it actually originates in the states and finds expression in the national Congress. Then the correspondent probably does a little reading and learns that this goes deep into the philosophy and mystique of American government—there is something pure and good about the rural vote, he finds, and something dark and sinister about the city vote. The manifestation of this thesis in American political institutions has to be understood to make clear many things in Washington.

The small pamphlet by Dr. Baker now spells this out, objectively, impersonally and damningly. I don't see how a newspaperman or student of government can be without this pamphlet. It analyzes what we have all known for years but have not been able to show so concisely and accurately.

The balance of America's population has shifted to the cities but the balance of political power, Dr. Baker says, has "remained in the rural and small town

areas." In Congress at the present time, Dr. Baker figures, the urban areas are deprived of approximately 24 votes they should fairly have.

HERE are three current examples of what under-representation means in Congress. The natural gas bill, to begin with, squeaked through the House last year by a bare six votes; it is a controversy between urban users of gas and Southwestern producers. With an extra 24 votes from the cities the bill would almost certainly have been killed.

Again, there is the power of the farm bloc. If urban voters had fair representation in Congress is it likely that all the present overpowering \$8 billion in farm surpluses would have been accumulated, or that they would have been taxed quite so high to keep up the price of things they buy at the grocery store?

The third example is in the field of foreign affairs. Sen. Walter F. George (D, Ga.) has heretofore been a strong internationalist but now is under fire at election time by isolationist Herman Talmadge. George has accordingly come out against the Eisenhower long-range economic aid program. Why has he done so? Dr. Baker tells the story of the extraordinary county-unit system of voting in Georgia. This is an extreme example of the pro-rural bias. The Georgia primary election isn't on a state-wide, one-person-one-vote system. On the contrary, arbitrary weights are assigned to the 159 counties which vote as a unit. The city of Atlanta, with half a million people, gets only three votes—or the same number as the three smallest Georgia counties with only 9,000 people. Candidates make no attempt to gain

a popular majority but must address their appeals to the small, rustic districts with the parochial view on foreign affairs. That is the secret of the Talmadge machine and why Senator George is thinking twice about foreign aid.

American rural areas are generally more conservative than urban areas. The whole political life is consequently mathematically biased toward the conservative side by the disproportionate system of representation. Cook County for years has been grossly under-represented in a rural-dominated state legislature. New York City's inferiority to numerically smaller "up-state" is written into the state constitution. This is not accidental; in many cases it is deliberately done for conservative ends. "A survey of restrictive labor legislation in a number of states," Dr. Baker points out, "reveals the leading role of rural lawmakers, often working with business approval or assistance." On a population basis Los Angeles would have not one but 10 state senators, but after favoring a redistribution in 1928 the city Chamber of Commerce now opposes it for, as Dr. Baker explains, "experience with the rural-dominated senate had already

shown the advantages for conservative forces." An attempt to reform the grossly unrepresentative California Senate in 1948 was attacked by most of the state's newspapers.

IN Congress, as everybody knows, Nevada has the same number of senators as New York, 90 times as big in population. In the House of Representatives the allocation of election districts within individual states often follows a population pattern 40 years out of date. Gerrymandering of districts, Dr. Baker says, generally favors rural areas. (The 14th election district in Detroit has 466,000 people, the 12th district in rural Michigan only 178,000.)

Finally, in Congress, since committee chairmanships are allocated by seniority the powerful posts generally go to representatives of one-party rural areas where continuity of office is more likely. Summing it up, Congress is elected by one set of voters, the President by another. The bias in American political representation, Dr. Baker concludes, is in favor of "groups least responsive to the needs of a modern industrialized society."

advantages of our (comparative) hairlessness, and of the fact that man's brain quadruples in size after he is born. He speculates about the great stimulus to mental development from such things as the coming of the Ice Age, our ascent into the trees, and our subsequent descent from them. As others have done, he reminds us that there has been no change in man's cranial capacity for 10,000 years, and hardly any for 100,000 years. It has long been true, as it is today, that man has had far more brains than he needed for what he did with them: For the greater part of half a million years he invented nothing except the use of fire, and implements made by flaking stones. In fact, the past 50 generations have witnessed all of man's greatest inventions. Berrill gives a brilliant summary of the astonishing, rapid development of the cerebral cortex, the quart or so of additional spongy gray matter that is the only physical characteristic separating us from the great apes.

The layman is always amazed at the elaborate superstructure of hypothesis that the comparative anthropologist can build on a few fragments of bone, plus the physical conditions surrounding them when they are found. But this is no necromancy; the scientists know what they are doing. Here and there, Dr. Berrill does speculate on his own; but in most cases he indicates where he is guessing and where he has solid and agreed scientific facts behind him. I can't recall any better book to serve as an introduction to this whole complicated but fascinating business of where we came from and how we got where we are today.

The Advantages of Being Human

by Bruce Bliven

DR. N. J. BERRILL is a quadruple-threat man—or more—in science.

His own specialty is marine biology; he is also a zoologist, holding a chair in that subject at McGill Univer-

Man's Emerging Mind, by N. J. Berrill (Dodd, Mead; \$4).

sity; he knows a great deal about the related fields which include biology and genetics, and it is clear that he has read widely in comparative anthropology. Finally, he is a "popular" writer who does not let his erudition get in the way of an easy, readable style.

In this book, he tells more than the title would suggest. He goes back to our putative most remote identifiable ancestor, a small shrew-like creature of many millions of years ago, sketches in the probable line of development before and after the primates came into being,

and recapitulates rapidly but carefully what is known of man since the record really begins to be extensive, during the past 35,000 years or so. He ends by recording the dangers of the present worldwide explosion of population, dangers augmented by the invention of such fantastic weapons as atomic bombs. Among the more remote perils is a return of the glaciers; Dr. Berrill agrees with the accumulating opinion that, with occasional exceptions of a few hundred years, it has been getting colder since about 4,000 B.C.; at the present rate, we may be back in a full-scale Ice Age in anything from 2,000 or 3,000 up to 10,000 years.

Along the way he has many fascinating bits of information, most of which I think will be new to the average reader. For a few random examples: He discusses the physiological disadvantages of the upright position as compared with going on all fours, and argues for the

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FILMS

THE first thing to say about *The Man With the Golden Arm* is that one ought to see it before and not after reading the novel by Nelson Algren on which it is based. The film is a pretty good picture show, as we used to say, but anyone who has read Nelson Algren's wonderfully poetic novel is likely to make invidious comparisons and be otherwise distracted, particularly when the film strives to narrow itself to a problem of drug addiction.

The Man With the Golden Arm (United Artists).

Those episodes in which it is a problem film make it resemble *The Lost Week-End* and *The Blackboard Jungle* and they are interesting enough. But the difference between a problem film, play or novel and the real thing is immense: any particular problem, however serious, may be vanquished overnight while the problem of being a human being is here to stay.

Since Algren's novel, like all genuine tragedies, does not depend upon a knowledge or ignorance of the plot, no future reader's experience can be diminished by saying that the novel ends with the hero's death and this is in direct contrast to the film which, in a way, has no ending at all, happy or unhappy: Sinatra as the hero and Kim Novak as his girl friend just walk off, and, as in a Chaplin film, one can choose to believe whatever one like or dislikes about their future together. One can suppose that they will move forward to a ranch-type house in the suburbs or that they will fail again and again in their desperate efforts to escape from the metropolitan suburb in which the lost and the damned are lost and damned, because as someone writes on the wall of a jail "We're all victims of circumstances."

Frank Sinatra's performance is so good and he has been so good in almost every role since *From Here To Eternity* that something special must be said about his acting. It must be at least fourteen years since he was the crooner whom the bobby-soxers adored because he looked so frail and seemed to need someone to mother him. He not only has stopped looking frail in most of his

parts, but he looks like a human being who never had a mother, never needed one, and views mothers and crooners with unprintable scorn. There are a few somewhat coy references to bobby-soxers in *The Man With the Golden Arm*, but the important thing is that Sinatra clearly prefers the hard work of being a genuine actor to that of being a crooner or a Hollywood star.

As the film version of a really first-rate novel, *The Man With the Golden Arm* is another instance of one of the permanent questions of film-making, the relationship of the literary text to the scenario and the film itself. This is how the novel begins:

The Captain never drank. Yet, toward nightfall in that smoke-colored season between Indian summer and December's first true snow, he would sometimes feel half drunken. He would hang his coat neatly over the back of his chair in the leaden station-house twilight, say he was beat from lack of sleep and lay his head across his arms upon the query-room desk.

Yet it wasn't work that wearied him so and his sleep was harassed by more than a smoke-colored rain. The city had filled him with the guilt of others; he was numbed by his charge sheet's accusations. For twenty years, upon the same scarred desk, he had been recording larceny and arson, sodomy and simony, boosting, hijacking and shootings in sudden affray: blackmail and terrorism, incest and pauperism, embezzlement and horse theft, tampering and procuring, abduction and quackery, adultery and mackery. Till the finger of guilt, pointing so sternly for so long across the query-room blotter, had grown bored with it all at last and turned, capriciously, to touch the fibers of the dark gray muscle behind the captain's light gray eyes. . . .

Films have been based so often upon literary texts that one can hardly doubt some natural affinity which attracts directors and producers to works of literature. This has been true not only of the films produced by Hollywood, but of German, French, Italian, and English films as well.

The French films based upon Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, and *The Eternal Husband* provide one kind of example. So does the German version of *The Brothers Karamazov* and Hollywood's version of *The Grapes of Wrath*. Some important quality is

bound to be lost but often enough something important is gained also: sometimes it is heightened visual sense of the work of fiction; at other times it is a new awareness of the meaning of the written work. What happens at best is comparable to reading a critical essay about a great work of fiction, or looking at the prints and drawings of the time and place which the novelist used as the milieu. As long as the film does not become a substitute for the real thing (apparently the opposite is what occurs most of the time) no serious harm occurs and the entire process can be regarded as an extension of the art of translation. If life were long enough for all of us to learn all the languages in which masterpieces have been written, there would be no justification for translation: in a like way, those who insist on "pure cinema" would be entirely right if every film based upon an original scenario were an example of pure cinema or if the filming of works of fiction prevented, diminished or interfered with the art of the film. And the purists are certainly right to insist that the film version of an important work of fiction is, at best, another example of a mixed genre, like opera.

In *The Man With the Golden Arm*, a great deal more might have been accomplished solely by training the camera more often upon the Chicago slum which is the real villain of Algren's novel. And a great deal more of the profound and tragic poetry of the novel might have been carried over to the screen by employing that familiar ghost, the unseen narrator, uttering the burden of Algren's eloquent prose.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Notes on Contributors

J. F. MATLOCK is an instructor of Russian language and literature at Dartmouth College. GRACE H. GLUECK is a free-lance writer and a critic of modern literature. RICHARD STROUT is a veteran Washington correspondent. BRUCE BLIVEN, for many years the editor of this journal, is a frequent contributor to periodicals. DELMORE SCHWARTZ, NR's poetry editor and film critic and a former editor of *The Partisan Review*, is the author of *The World Is a Wedding*, *Vaudeville for a Princess* and other works of poetry and fiction.

A COMMUNICATION

The Day I Lost My Hearing Aid

"The villain responsible for Hollywood's evil in *The Big Knife*," said Delmore Schwartz (D.S.) in his NR review of the Clifford Odets film, "is an omnipotent Hollywood magnate . . . a satanic monster . . . symbol of Hollywood's commercialism." The magnate "stops at nothing to protect the interests of the studio . . . eavesdropping, blackmail and attempted murder. [His] smoked glasses and hearing aid are symbols not of despotism and avarice but of self-alienation and an alienation from other human beings."

MGM magnate Dore Schary comments as follows:

SIRS:

A terrible thing has happened and I am appealing to the publisher and editor of *The New Republic* to try and straighten out this matter. It all came about as a result of a film review of *The Big Knife* in *The New Republic* dated January 9, 1956, written by someone called Delmore Schwartz. This article was brought into the room where we "Hollywood" executives meet day after day. There we were sitting in our armor-plated, bullet-proof conference room where we make all of our secret decisions, and someone—I don't dare tell who—read the article, and that's where the trouble began.

There we were—all of us big executives—with our hearing aids and our smoked glasses and our "total self-dramatization," and as we read Mr. Schwartz's devastating piece we knew the jig was up. We'd all have to give up our smoked glasses and throw away those hearing aids, which were there merely to confuse poor Mr. Alfred Hitchcock.

What really shocked us was that Mr. Schwartz was privy to all that confidential information. How did he know that all we had to do was *order* somebody to do a picture? How did he find out that when we wanted Hitchcock or Stevens or Wyler or Kazan or Zinneman to do a picture, all we had to do was raise our voice and these men would bite the dust, and say, "Yes, Master, just tell us what to do; we'll do it because we know that if we don't you can break us and wreck us."

How did he find out, we asked ourselves, that all we have to do to get

Brando or Kelly or Gardner or Taylor to work in a film is to threaten them with the fact that we would tell the wide world "the truth" about them. It was obvious to all of us that there was a spy somewhere in the fold.

And how did he find out that we pay no attention whatever to the public? How did he learn that "Hollywood" continues to make the same picture, the identical same picture, without changing the plot at all, just because we hate the public? How was he smart enough to figure out that *The Rose Tattoo*, *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, *Guys and Dolls*, *Love Me or Leave Me*, *The Country Girl*, *Marty*, *The Blackboard Jungle* and *Mister Roberts* were the same identical story and that we had a scheme whereby we split up these properties by drawing lots? It was clear to all of us that no outsider could write such a perceptive piece.

How did he learn that our story departments, which cover some 20,000 stories a year, were merely designed to find us the same identical yarns, year in and year out? How did he learn that we speak to no one else, read nothing and think nothing except the motion picture scripts that we produced five years ago? There was no doubt about it; Delmore Schwartz was a pseudonym for somebody who knew *too* much.

Only someone who knew Hollywood intimately could write such searching, searing truths. The initials were a tip-off. One of us suggested that D. S. might be David Selznick, but we knew Selznick would never do such a terrible thing. Someone suggested that it might be Dinah Shore, but Dinah has been much too busy on TV and anyway she's

a wonderful lady and would never grow up to be a fink. Could it be Doug Shearer? No, no, he wouldn't dare do a thing like that. Maybe it was David Sarnoff who might be trying to get even with us because of jokes about television, but no, he isn't that kind of a man. Douglas Sirk? No, never! Dean Stockwell? Could it be he was trying to get even because of *The Secret Garden*? No. Dean's a nice boy. It couldn't be him.

We went through some other combinations, and then suddenly the talk died down and I became aware that everybody was looking at me. After all, I was the only D. S. in this secret and private council. Day after day, night after night, I sat in that spacious sound-proof room and partook of these conspiratorial talks with Zanuck and Warner and Freeman and Cohn. They glared at me. I found it difficult to speak. Guiltless—I nevertheless felt guilty. For a few moments no one said anything, and then Zanuck got up, took my hearing aid and crushed it under the heel of his right foot. Warner whipped off my smoked glasses and crashed them against the wall. Freeman pushed an electric button—and the thick, heavy doors opened silently. Cohn pointed his finger. The others turned their backs upon me and I left.

So this is written in the nature of an inquiry. Who is Delmore Schwartz? Why doesn't he tell the truth about how he found out our secrets—and will he please tell the world it wasn't me. I want so much to go back to work tomorrow and yell at a true creative person and tell him to do what I say, or else! It's so lonely out here with my "self-alienation" showing.

DORE SCHARY

Hollywood, U.S.A.



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